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I. H. JULIAN, Editor.

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JUGGLERY EXTRAORDINARY.

What a White-robed Conjurer Did in Broad Daylight—A Mango Tree, Five Feet High, Growing from the Nut in a Single Hour.

[From the Cleveland Herald.]

I was smoking my chibouk on the wide veranda of a bungalow, or Government inn, one day in Northern India. It was in January, but the weather was intensely hot, and my Dakgharra, with its rough, untrained horses, had stopped here for a midday rest. My Hindostanee servant, with an unpronounceable name, whom I had nicknamed "Handy Andy," on account of certain unhandy ways, and a merry twinkle of the eye that indicated no lack of Hibernian humor, came up to the porch and, with a salaam, said: "Would Sahib like to see conjuror make tricks?" "Yes, bring him on." I suspected the fellow was consulting his own fondness for amusement more than mine, but it was too hot to sleep, and I was ready for any thing that would kill time.

A tall, fine-looking Hindoo, with a clear-cut, intelligent face, and eyes that looked straight at you, next appeared on the scene. He was dressed in the ordinary long white robe of his race, with a rich cashmere shawl wound round his waist, and his salutation and manners were respectful, without the least shade of servility. He was followed by two attendants, carrying the various implements of his profession, which they spread out before him, and a dozen or two hangers-on of all ages grouped themselves at a respectful distance to enjoy the free show. The ground in front of the bungalow was paved with large, flat stones, and upon one of these the conjurer seated himself, curling his legs under him in Oriental fashion, and asked in Hindostanee, "What special trick would the Sahib like to see?" At the same time he bared his arms, long, well formed, but not muscular, and untied his shawl to open his robe and show me that there was no concealed mechanism about his person. I told him through Handy Andy that I would like him to perform the mango trick—which I had seen once before at Delhi without being able to penetrate its mysteries. He nodded assent, and, taking a box about ten inches square, filled it with earth, and in it planted a mango nut about the size of an English walnut, having first handed it to me for examination. He then made a framework, or tripod, of three sticks, six or eight feet long and tied together at the top, placed it over the box, and covered the whole with a piece of white muslin. The only thing thus far that looked like charlatanism was a muttered incantation, rolling up his eyes, with outstretched palms, as if appealing for aid to some higher power.

Again seating himself not more than ten feet in front of the veranda, he went through the most astonishing performances of sleight-of-hand tricks, such as swallowing swords, tossing balls in the air, drawing from his mouth colored ribbons of interminable length, etc., some of which I had seen before, but never in broad daylight. He borrowed my watch, and after smashing it into flinders it was mysteriously restored unharmed to my pocket. He burned my handkerchief, then poured from a phial some elixir upon the ashes, and the linen was restored to me without any smell of fire upon it. These and many other equally curious things he did for nearly an hour, with the most intense gravity of manner, and an air of candor that would disarm suspicion. My eyes were wide open, and I watched him so intently as scarcely to wink, and yet I was unable to detect a single flaw or account for one of these transformations.

Some of the tricks he repeated at my request, but the result was the same. At the critical moment his motions were quick as lightning. In all cases where fire was used I noticed that he either poured some liquid or threw a whitish powder upon the flames, which produced for an instant a dense smoke, and left a pungent aromatic odor in the air.

In the meantime the mango tree was growing. Four times, at intervals of 10 or 15 minutes, he raised the muslin cover to report progress. The first time a sprout, 3 or 4 inches long, appeared, at which he expressed satisfaction, and carefully watered it from a small sprinkling pot. The next time it was a foot high, and the leaves seemed just forming. The third time it was fully two feet in height and appeared to be growing most vigorously. At the close of his other performances he tossed aside the enveloping cloth and tripod of sticks, and lo! there was a mango tree, or bush, about five feet high, with perfectly-formed leaves and branches. He brought it to me, and I satisfied myself beyond question that it was a real, live tree by breaking off a branch, which I kept for a souvenir. He then pulled it up by the roots, to which was attached the nut, partially decayed and covered with fine fibrous sprouts. He then emptied the earth from the box to show that nothing was concealed within it.

Through Handy Andy I offered him 20 rupees if he would disclose to me the secret of the mango tree. I then doubled and trebled the offer, but he only shook his head, and I presume a thousand rupees would have been no temptation. I rewarded him with a generous "tip," and for the moment regretted that I was not a showman by profession.

The learned class of Buddhists repudiate and despise the grosser exhibi-

tions of common magic and charlatanism, but as the common people will not dispense with these marvels, every great monastery keeps a conjurer who does not belong to the brotherhood of the convent, and is allowed to marry. The practitioners possess no literature, but hand down the secrets of their art by tradition. In India, conjuring as well as snake charming is a hereditary profession, and the mystic practices are transmitted from father to son.

A very learned friar, who is spoken of as perfectly truthful, says that among the Tartars there are certain men whom they honor above all others, who are ideal priests from India, persons of deep wisdom, well conducted, and of the purest morals. They are acquainted with the magic arts, and depend upon the counsel and aid of demons. They can sit in the air without any visible support, first on a tripod of three sticks, then one stick after another is removed, and still the man remains, not touching the ground. He further relates that with a long cane he felt all under the suspended individual, and found nothing upon which his body rested. This last performance was professedly exhibited in Madras during the present century, and is minutely described by writers.

And now comes the most astonishing trick of all, which has a touch of tragedy to give it a more piquant flavor. I shall tell it in the quaint language of the old chronicler, somewhat abbreviated. After describing very vividly the basket murder trick, which is well known in India, he says: "I am now about to relate a thing which surpasses all belief, and which I should scarcely venture to insert here had it not been witnessed by thousands under my own eyes. One of the party took a ball of cord, and, grasping one end, threw the other up in the air with such force that its extremity was beyond the reach of our sight. He then immediately climbed up the cord with incredible swiftness, and was soon out of sight. I stood full of astonishment, not conceiving what was to come of this, when, lo! a leg came tumbling down out of the air. One of the conjuring company instantly snatched it up and threw it into a basket. A moment after a hand came down, and immediately on that another leg. And in a short time all the members of the body came thus successively tumbling from the air and were cast together into the basket. The last fragment of all we saw came down was the head, and no sooner had that touched the ground than he who had snatched up all the limbs and put them into the basket turned them all out again topsy turvy. And straightway I saw with these eyes all those limbs creep together again, and, in a short time, form a whole man, who stood up and walked about without showing the least damage! Never in my life was I so astonished as when I beheld this wonderful performance, and I doubted now no longer that these misguided men did it with the help of the devil. I had an attack of palpitation of the heart like that which overcame me once before in the presence of the Sultan of India when he showed me something of that kind. They gave me a cordial, however, which cured the attack. The Kazi Afkharadin was next to me, and quoth he, 'Wallah! 'tis my opinion there has been neither going up nor coming down, neither marring nor mending; 'tis all hocus pocus!' which was a very wise conclusion to come to."

How Raisins are Prepared.

A strip of land bordering the Mediterranean, somewhat less than 100 miles in length and in width not exceeding 5 or 6, is the raisin producing territory of Spain. Beyond these boundaries the Muscatel grape, from which the raisin is principally produced, may grow and thrive abundantly, but the fruit must go to the market or the wine-press. When the grapes begin to ripen in August the farmer carefully inspects the fruit as it lies on the warm dry soil, and one by one clips the clusters as they reach perfection. In almost all vineyards slants of masonry are prepared, looking like unglazed hot-beds, and covered with fine pebbles, on which the fruit is exposed to dry. But the small proprietor prefers not to carry his grapes so far. It is better, he thinks, to deposit them nearer at hand, where there is less danger of bruising, and where bees and wasps are less likely to find them. Day by day the cut branches are examined and turned, till they are sufficiently cured to be borne to the house, usually on the hill-top, and there deposited in the empty wine-press, till enough have been collected for the trimmers and packers to begin their work. At this stage great piles of rough-dried raisins are brought forth from the wine-press and heaped upon boards. One by one the bunches are carefully inspected, those of the first quality being trimmed of all irregularities and imperfect berries and deposited in piles by themselves; so in turn are treated those of the second quality, while the clippings and inferior fruit are received into baskets at the feet of the trimmers and reserved for home consumption. A quantity of small wooden trays are now brought forward, just the size of a common raisin-box and about as inch deep. In these papers are neatly laid so as to lap over and cover the raisins evenly deposited in the trays, which are then subjected to heavy pressure in a rude press. After pressing the raisins are dropped into the boxes for market.

—According to a telegram to a Paris paper from Vienna, landed property in Cyprus increased in value ten-fold on the mere news of the occupation of the island, whereas in Bulgaria the finest properties do not find a purchaser at the twentieth part of the price they would have fetched before the war.

A California Man-Eater.

G. E. Schumacher, of Garberville, says the Eureka Times, has had the good or bad luck to have seen the "man-eater" of Eel River, and sends the following report to the Times: As some of your readers are somewhat interested in the big snake in the south fork of Eel River, I will give you some facts for which I will vouch myself. The snake is not a snake, as reported, but an animal somewhat similar. I have seen it, have fought it, and conquered. As I have seen it, and watched it at close range, I will give you a correct description, or as near as I can. If you or your readers can imagine you see a crocodile, an alligator, a lizard or a water dog, you can form as good an idea of its looks as I can. It is between eight and nine feet long, the head is about seven inches broad, the body increasing slightly about four feet back; the back is oval, belly flat, color white; the back is about the color of a water dog, with dark spots all over. For about three and a half feet from the head back the tail begins and forms round, and the end is without point, and looks as if it was cut off, leaves the butt from one and a half to two inches across. The end of the tail is yellow for about two and a half feet, with dark rings around it. Two web feet close behind the head, the legs about three inches long, the head is seven inches across, and shaped like a frog's; black eyes as large as twenty-five cent pieces. The animal, whatever it is, moves like an alligator or crocodile. Last Saturday, or rather yesterday, I left Garberville, coming down the South Fork on my way to Rohnerville. After crossing the South Fork numerous times, I came to the last crossing, about two miles above what is called Myer's Rancho. Starting my horse at the ford, I cast my eyes across the river to see where the outcome was, and measured the depth of the middle with my eyes. I was about seven feet in the river when my horse shied. Looking down on the off or left side I saw a strange sight; head, shoulders and web-feet of a monstrous animal under my horse's feet. Thinking my time had come and not having time to think of my sins, I spurred my horse to jump from there, which he very readily did. On looking back, the water being clear, I saw the monster in the place where I left it. Taking courage, I returned toward it within about four feet. I fired my single-barreled Derringer at his head and retreated in haste, but not further than to watch his movements. Shortly after my shot this animal rose, turned over and floated on top. The current being very still it almost remained in the same place, and then it turned over and went down again. Seeing it was not on the fight I repeated the same dose twice with the same result, but the third time it came up it kicked up a fearful racket, beating the water with its tail and splashing it over me. Not having more ammunition I withdrew from the battlefield. As luck would have it, some Indians were camped within hailing distance. When they saw me charging back and forth in the river and shooting at something they came running towards me. They happened to have a rifle and two bullets, which they brought to me. The animal was turning towards me. The first shot I fired was a line shot, but came short about eighteen inches. I loaded up as soon as possible. By this time the beast had again turned towards me, and came at a fearful rate. Taking a dead aim, I fired. At the crack of the gun the animal made a terrible plunge and then turned over, its head turning down stream and floating towards deep water. Not having any more ammunition I filled my pockets with rocks, mounted my horse, and followed the animal as close as prudence would permit. I fired rocks at it, but it never moved. The Indians would not go near the water, but promised if it was dead they would skin the animal for me and save the hide. For all the above I will vouch. This is not fiction. If I had known that I was so close to a habitation—within two miles of Myers—I should have staid longer with the beast, as it may turn out to be quite a curiosity.

The Sun-Doctors Differ.

All the astronomers who have taken observations of the late solar eclipse from stations in the West agree in the importance of the revelations made. The great luminary is pronounced to be in a state of comparative quiescence, for which, in spite of the alleged law of the periodicality of sun spots, they appear to have been somewhat unprepared. Only one protuberance was noted, and the corona gave a continuous spectrum from which the green line 1474 K was missing, showing, according to Prof. Draper, that it consists of a band of continuous light solely due to reflection. The low energy of the sun, and its consequent lack of masses of ignited vapor projected beyond the chromosphere, is held to account for the absence of the green line, which represents the unknown substance, probably a very light gas, and which is called helium for want of a better term. This apparent lessening of the vitality of the sun appears to Prof. Draper as something wonderful changes in the climate of the earth, but in the fact that no such mutations are noted on this globe he concludes that the abnormal condition of the sun at the 11 year period of maximum sun spots "counts but little against the total amount of heat sent out at all times." He therefore sees no portent of ill to climate or crops in the activity or quiescence of the sun. Not so Prof. Lockyer, the famous English astronomer. The absence of the green

line shows a great reduction in the temperature of the sun, and should, he thinks, produce corresponding changes on the earth. He would not be surprised at serious results and radical climatic variations. The connection between sun spots and droughts which produce famines, he holds proven. Terrestrial magnetism, he points out, has been less energetic during the past four years than during the preceding 40. Mr. Morton of the Stevens Institute follows the English scientist in gloomy, or, rather, fiery forecasts. He, too, is surprised that no great changes have occurred. The absence of the green line shows that the self-luminous gaseous matter previously observed in the corona is only a temporary occupant. He thinks that he sees an argument in favor of the old theory that the sun is fed by meteorites, huge iron bolts fired at old Sol, and he can not shake from his mind the belief that such changes are liable to occur on earth as would make the pole tropical. It is comforting that Prof. Ranyard, of England, agrees with our American astronomer, Dr. Draper, and is not a prey to fears of an intolerable increase of solar heat on the earth or its equally intolerable diminution. Prof. Loder also keeps his imagination cool. We presume that a little later these learned sun-doctors will come a little nearer to an agreement on the temperature of their illustrious patient, but at present the average citizen, while convinced that there is great astronomical erudition just now at Denver, will have a chance for choosing his own favorite from among the many contradictory deductions drawn by astronomers. The growing certainty about the discovery of the new star at only fifteen million miles from the sun looks like the probability of a great posthumous triumph for Leverrier.—*New York Herald.*

Kearney's Boston Speech.

I am a workingman. You will excuse me for not being able to address you on this occasion. However, you will have ample opportunity to hear me in the near future. I bring you glad tidings from California. We left the plains of California strewn with the festering carcasses of public plunderers, and we hope to see the United States of America similarly organized. I do not intend to address a faction, a class or a party. My simple mission is to address the honest, horny-handed sons of toil. I have proclaimed from the inception of this movement death to the machine politicians, death to the thieving capitalists, and death upon death to the murdering, plundering, thieving land-pirates.

Now, friends, I hope you will excuse me from taking any further action today, as you will soon have ample opportunity to hear me in the open air, in open-air meetings. I hope, however, to see the workingmen organize in this State and carry the next gubernatorial election. We do not propose to discuss the issue of Nationality. We do not propose to take into our organization any "isms." We mean to organize ourselves together as workingmen to ameliorate our condition by the ballot, that we may become more powerful than the sword of monarchical legions.

I hope you—I wish to state, however, that I have been misrepresented by the press. The Associated Press has taken pleasure in fixing up the reports of my utterances in California. They have been fixed up in San Francisco by unscrupulous minions of the thieving capitalists and blood-suckers in general. They have distorted my speeches, and I have never had a fair show. I thank God I am not a man who was made by the newspapers. I am a man who was made by God, and I despise the corrupt, monopoly-fostering press of the United States. The workingmen have come to look upon the "star-spangled banner" as a flaunting lie—as a fit token of a national protection of legions of murdering monopolists, who are day by day grinding the workingmen in the dust. We propose, as I said before, to ameliorate the condition of the laboring men. We propose to do in this section what the laboring men have done in California—that is to meet the capitalists in a square fight. Labor won, and to-day labor is crowned king.

One Way to Keep Cool.

A Springfield genius favors the Hartford Times with the following valuable suggestion: With 94 degrees of heat in the parlor and 112 degrees outside, I have found great relief from hanging a ten-quart tin pail, with a six-quart one inside with ice in it above the head. Any water-cooler, even an ice-pitcher, can be suspended so as to get a double benefit from its presence. Sitting by a table, writing, one can not abate the heat by using a fan; with ice above the head (not resting on it) much is gained in preventing sickness, or in alleviating suffering if one is sick. Where ice can not be had, a wet canopy is the next best device. To which the Times replies: Our correspondent's plan is no doubt good; but there may be even a better way than to sit under a lump of ice. A fat Italian (N. Y.) woman and a bevy of young children, attired in calico, passed nearly the whole of one of the hot days last week seated in Cascadilla Creek, sheltered by an umbrella.

—Mr. Spurgeon says that sometimes he hears sermons which make him feel like the poor person who was once asked to dine with the Squire, and who, on being requested to return thanks, did so in this fashion: "Oh Lord, we thank Thee that we don't have such a good dinner as this every day of our lives, for if we did we should be sure to be ill."

FASHION NOTES.

—Ladies in mourning wear black lace mitts with a cuff of crape.

—Linen bourette batiste is a favorite material for useful dresses and over-dresses.

—Rustic sticks with the bark varnished are seen on some of the handsome parasols.

—A new style of hair-dressing is called the "Mercedes coiffure," after the late young Queen.

—For black dresses, gold and red ribbon trimming is used; for white and delicate tints, pink and blue.

—Balzarine, a fabric well familiar to the last generation, is revived. It is much in favor on account of its durability, and its beauty.

—Small white handkerchiefs, with the edges scalloped and wrought with a color, are formed into pretty pleated bows for the throat, to wear with morning dresses.

—Pretty neckerchiefs for the balcony are half squares of pale blue or rose-colored silk in basket open-work, yet brocaded and edged with fringe that is tied in the hem.

—Silver combs in filigree designs are used with the low coiffures that are in vogue this summer. Some have narrow high tops, while others lean over toward one side. There are also many with ball tops or bands of gold or silver. These are worn quite far forward on the hair, and from the front have the effect of a Grecian fillet binding the front hair.

—Among fancy French ornaments there are lizards of brilliant set in silver, to be used not only as brooches, but for ornamenting dress waists, belts, scarfs, and hats. The lizard design is preferred, but there are also many dragons and pretty small square buckles; the latter are placed down the front of a dress, or else on slippers, where they look very brilliant.

—Pins for the hair are ornamental balls. Some are of red gold, and others of the palest yellow Roman gold, and there are massive silver pins. The knobs are cube-shape, or else round faceted balls. Squares with hollow centres have pendent chains to which balls are attached, or else there are thick hanging rings. Some are dotted with pearls or with turquoises, and others have cut steel faceted upon them and glittering like diamonds.

—Bunting dresses are found to be among the most serviceable for country use, in the mountains, and as traveling dresses. These suits are not made of the sleazy mixed fabrics sold for 25 or 30 cents a yard, but of serviceable qualities costing from 45 cents upward. These shake off dust, do not cockle, and will endure hard usage. Blue buntings are rather passees, and the choice now is for ecru, mastic gray, or black bunting. These are made up in conjunction with silk of the same shade and of light weight, and are almost as pretty as a fine camel's-hair costume.

—Large round collars are made of three rows of Valenciennes lace, each an inch wide, laid in knife-pleatings, and finished at the top by one standing row of the pleated lace and an inner pleating of crimped crepe lisse. These pleated lace collars are far handsomer than those with gathered rows of lace lately described. A vine of embroidery heads the upper pleating, and some collars have loops of narrow satin ribbon down each side of the front and in the middle of the back. Cuffs to wear outside of tight sleeves are made to match the collar. Other new collars similarly made are sharply pointed in the back and front.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Spain's Most Beautiful Cathedral.

There are larger and more massive cathedrals in Spain, but that of Burgos is the most beautiful. No mere outline can afford any adequate idea of its architectural richness. The order is Gothic, the purest, the most harmonious, and the richest of the thirteenth century. The principal facade has three rich ogival portals, and above them two open, graceful towers, not unlike the one at Strasbourg, but of a reduced height. In the center is the dome of the lantern, and in the rear the tower of the Constable's Chapel, all magnificently ornamented with statuettes of saints, Gothic canopies, flagpole pinnacles, and other airy elaboration. The interior is in the form of a Latin cross, 300 feet in length, and 213 feet in width in the widest point. The cloisters, the Archbishop's palace, and several chapels surrounding the cross, somewhat complicate the plan. Twenty massive octagonal pillars form three naves but the effect of the full expanse is crippled by the inevitable choir and high altar in the center. The pre-eminent feature of the interior is the lantern, which, with its four pillars and lofty dome, is grand and rich beyond all efforts at word-sketching. The Chapels of the Constable and of Santiago (St. James the Elder) are the gems of the ten and the former is of especial richness. In all there are sixty tombs in the chancel, including several of the old royal families and distinguished ecclesiastics of Burgos.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

—Count Schouvaloff took his little son with him when he went to sign the Berlin treaty, in order that the boy might have an opportunity of remembering the interesting event in future years. Among other persons present were the Princess Bismarck and Countess Bismarck, who looked down upon the ceremony from a box in the hall, while Herr von Werner, the painter, whose brush is to perpetuate the Congress, sat at the table with the Plenipotentiaries.